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COLORADO CATHOLIC, SIXTEENTH YEAR.

PASSING OF TWO PRESTS WHO MADE HISTORY



THE LATE FATHER EDWARD MCGLYNN.

Dr. McGlynn's Life and Work.

BY FRANK MCGUIRE.

Whatever may have been the unfortunate incidents that clouded the closing years of his ecclesiastical career, the name of Edward McGlynn, doctor of theology and priest of the ancient Catholic Church, will forever hold an honored place in American history.

I know Dr. McGlynn knew him well, and I loved him. I loved him for what he was—A MAN. Priest and patriot, he rose from the people; he was of them; he loved them; they worshipped him.

In my capacity as a reporter on the New York newspapers I was frequently thrown into the presence of this great, good man, who has just passed into the hereafter beyond. Therefore, I had opportunity plenty to make full measure of his character.

He was indeed a master mind, trained to the ready grasp and solution of any problem in science, religion, philosophy, politics or economics. But it was in the pulpit or on the lecture platform that he was at his best, now exhorting the people to the love and worship of God, pleading tenderly with them to walk in the path of righteousness; or hurling forth thunderous denunciations from the rostrum against the evils and abuses and crimes that beset our system of government. He evoked men's minds; he elevated their thoughts; he lifted their souls.

THE MCGLYNN AND HENRY GEORGE.

His last great oration was delivered at the bier of Henry George in the Fulton Palace, New York.

Dr. McGlynn and the brilliant author of "Progress and Poverty" had been friends for years. Besides a deep, personal affection, there existed between them a strong intellectual sympathy. There was much in common in their lives. Both thought, both fought and labored for the advancement of the people. While we may not agree with their methods entirely, yet we must concede the loftiness and splendor of their purposes. But it was his belief in Henry George and John Stuart Mills and the theories they advanced on the land tax question that directly brought Dr. McGlynn into disfavor with the constituted authorities of his Church. This was his fatal error; not that he so earnestly believed in the doctrines advanced by these eminent thinkers, but the fact that he persistently and openly advocated them after there had been a division in his own parish and the people were at riot. He had been warned by Archbishop Corrigan to desist. But he refused to obey and went so far as to repudiate this authority. That was the time he lost his head. His fiery, Celtic nature revolted.

Next he took the stump for Henry George in his first majority contest in New York and that was the mistake that killed him. His bishop first requested and then demanded that he should remain silent on the ground that it was not the mission of a Catholic priest to enter a political strife. But Dr. McGlynn would not yield. He even assumed a more aggressive stand and while he thought he was right in the premises there was a violation of obedience and disregard of authority, without which, the old Church would have long since perished.

THE ARCHBISHOP WAS FIRM.

It was said at the time that John D.

and when of sufficient age he was sent to a public school. When 14 years old Archbishop Hughes sent him to the College of the Propaganda, Rome, where he remained several years. While there he assisted in establishing the American College in the Holy City, of which institution for a time he was acting vice president. He was ordained when 22 years old, and received the degree of doctor of divinity. He returned a few months later and began ministerial duty in New York city.

On the death of the Rev. Dr. Cummings he became parish priest of St. Stephen's, and he in time made it the largest and wealthiest Catholic congregation in the city. St. Patrick's Cathedral afterward not accepted. The care of the poor and their elevation in all things was his aim, and in the service of his efforts he spent his private fortune of \$30,000.

Father McGlynn was aggressive in his progressiveness. When the local authorities of the church instituted a system of public schools, Father McGlynn, alone among the Priests of the United States, adhered to an advocate of the public school system, and he refused to advise his parishioners to withdraw their children from the latter.

DETAILS OF HIS DEATH.

Mrs. Corrigan Summoned to Newbury, But Arrives Too Late.

Newbury, N. Y., Jan. 7.—Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, rector of St. Mary's church, died at the rectory at 5:20 o'clock this afternoon after an illness of about seven weeks, of heart failure, superinduced by Bright's disease.

A minor surgical operation was performed on Dr. McGlynn last night, but this did not affect the patient or contribute materially to his death.

During the night Dr. McGlynn had several sinking spells, and the physicians were called early to his bedside, where they remained until he died.

At noon it was apparent that the end was near, and Dr. McGlynn received holy communion from the assistant rector of St. Mary's, who later administered extreme unction. After high mass in the morning Dr. McGlynn was anointed.

All efforts toward prolonging life were made by the physicians, but at 4 o'clock the priest lapsed into unconsciousness, his last audible prayer being:

"Jesus, have mercy on me."

He passed away without recovering consciousness.

For two days past Dr. McGlynn had been troubled with hiccoughs, but was able to take liquid nourishment to the last. Dr. McGlynn was 47 years of age, his death was near, receiving the word tranquilly.

This morning telegrams were sent to Dr. McGlynn's nephew and niece in Brooklyn, and several Catholic clergymen, his warm friends, were notified. A dispatch was sent to Archbishop Corrigan and his secretary telegraphed:

"His grace will arrive in Newbury at 8:10."

Archbishop Corrigan had already made arrangements to visit Dr. McGlynn and would have come on Monday. The relatives missed a train and did not arrive until Dr. McGlynn had become unconscious. Efforts were made to locate Frank McGlynn, the acting son of Dr. McGlynn's brother, who lives in California.

The cheerfulness that characterized Dr. McGlynn was evident to the last. Even when the physicians were using salt water to keep him alive a few hours longer, Dr. McGlynn evinced much interest and finally remarked:

"Well, the ways of physicians are wonderful."

The citizens of Newbury were preparing a testimonial for Dr. McGlynn, who celebrated his first birth day, Mary's church on New Year's day, 1853, and who had been in the ministry for forty years. People of all denominations were united in honoring the priest, and a purse was to have been presented to him. News of Dr. McGlynn's death caused profound sorrow among Protestants and Catholics alike for his recovery.

Dr. McGlynn was first stricken with illness on Nov. 16, at the rectory. He suffered two attacks of heart failure, and his relatives were hurriedly summoned. He rallied, however, and until Saturday night he appeared to be holding his own, and gradually regained his strength. He was able to sit by his bedside for a few minutes each day, but was never able to leave his room.

Archbishop Corrigan arrived at 8:10 on Sunday, and proceeded to St. Mary's rectory. He expressed deep regret that he had not arrived before the end came. He was much moved when he entered the chamber of death and looked on the face of the dead, and commented sadly on the dead priest's appearance. He knelt with the other clergy and said prayers.

FUNERAL OF DR. MCGLYNN.

Buried from His Old Parish and 40,000 Testify Their Affection.

New York, Jan. 11.—The funeral today of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, in St. Stephen's Church, of which he was formerly the pastor, was the occasion of a manifestation of popular affection such as has been rarely witnessed in the city. The coffin containing the remains of the beloved priest was deposited at the altar rail of the church, and at 12:30 p. m. 40,000 persons, it is estimated, looked upon the face of the dead. For four hours a compact stream of humanity poured into the church, and moved in pairs up the middle aisle to the foot of the coffin; there they parted, one person going to the right, the other to the left, and then, after the face had been viewed, they were loved by so many thousands, they passed out of the church. Many remained in the church, and the pews were crowded with more than 2,500 persons long before the doors were closed.

At that time there were many on the street who had not been able to gain admission.

The head had been slightly raised in

deference to an understood wish that everybody in the church might see the features of the dead from different parts of the church. The purple robes of the Priest, still clothed in his body, and a crucifix was clasped in his hands. The features were the same benevolent expression as in life. The chance was in that respect, white. All the candles, all altar fixings and altars were clothed in these sombre colors, the white altar cloths having been exchanged for black with white fringe. To the left of the middle of the sanctuary a one faced altar was a magnificent cross of flowers surrounded by a dove. To the right was a large pillar of red ornaments, forget-me-nots and mignonette. Both were striking designs.

Among the first to push their way through the crowd with the aid of 300 policemen, detailed to preserve order in the vicinity of the church were fifty letter carriers from the Letter Carriers' union, which has held Dr. McGlynn in great esteem since his aid to them.

These men brought a handsome floral wreath with old Celtic lettering, reading "Sage theorems, or, in English: 'Our Father's Word'."

The obsequies began at 8:30, with a solemn chant for the dead, conducted by Rev. Thomas F. McLaughlin and Rev. Thomas O'Connor of St. Stephen's.

Newbury, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The funeral of Dr. Edward McGlynn, which was held today in St. Mary's church, which was crowded to the doors. The services were presided over by Archbishop Corrigan. Occupying seats in the church were all the Protestants, clergymen of the city, who had been invited to attend the funeral, and the city officials were also present by invitation.

The chanting of the service of the dead was first in the order of the service. Then a solemn requiem mass was celebrated on Dr. McGlynn's first birth day, March 1. Richard T. Burriel delivered an eulogy, and the service was concluded by singing and the giving of absolution by the archbishop.

After the services the remains were viewed by the people and were then borne to the station, where the coffin was put aboard the train for New York.

THE HEAVIEST CROSS OF ALL.

I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss, I've carried the heaviest cross of all, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair strong youth, Volting mine eyes from the blessed light, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

For I have borne the heaviest cross of all, I've borne the heaviest cross of all, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I wandered o'er dewy meadows, And I hid from the fervid noontide glow, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

And I never reeked as I sang aloud in my wild and willful glee, Of the many sorrows drawing near, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

But it came at last, my dearest, What need to tell thee now? My heart never knew the wild, wild woe, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

Over my summer's glory crept a damp and chilling shade, And I never reeked as I sang aloud in my wild and willful glee, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end seems far off yet, God keep thee safe from the sharing of this life, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

For I have borne the heaviest cross of all, I've borne the heaviest cross of all, I've borne the heaviest cross of all.

SONG OF CHAS. J. KIRKHAM.

The tyrant exult and their banners pro, And a scepter of iron may sway, Opression, the Irish heart never can, No; nor drive hope of freedom away.

The yoke may be heavy and firm in its place, And the fetters secured all may be, But the yoke will break and the fetters fall, And Ireland will truly be free.

The day may be distant, perhaps it is near, When freedom shall dawn on our land, When Ireland no longer a tyrant need fear, Her rights she will seek and demand.

Her fields now desolate shall blossom once more, And her ships will skim over the sea; The hirelings of England banished from shore, Then Ireland will truly be free.

Then "toast" our fair Ireland, my countrymen all, Her struggle so high, Her song will spring forth at the first trumpet call, Then battle for freedom or die.

And when we have conquered, and peace Let this our fond toast ever be: "Constitution to tyrants" wherever they tread, And Ireland will truly be free.

PLAINT FOR BRITON AND BOER.

(George Crouch in New York Sun.) Alas for the Boer and Briton! Alas for the Boer and Briton! Let us pray to the God of Peace, Let us pray to the God of War!

Let us pray for the time when strife shall And all nations worship the God of Peace and curse the God of War.

There are desolate homes on the veid, Dead are the dead, Maimed the maimed, Doomed other martyrs are, From Irish coasts and hills of Wales, Come sighs and sobs and funeral wails, And mothers and widows and children, The Transvaal mourners weep their dear.

As they are driven together in battle, ordered to do or die, T. Atkins doesn't know what it's about, Fighting farmers wonder why? So the good Queen weeps in her castle, weeps for Briton and Boer, And mothers and widows and children weep and curse the God of War.

Who shall be damned for the slaughter? Some chief of political ring? Some ruler, stubborn and crafty? or some low-hearted diamond king? But life now to question whose the blame may be.

If the case were left to the God of Peace, he would surely damn all three.

Now, blessed be those who make Peace, Ever cursed be those who make War; No matter who speaks for Briton, no matter who sides with the Boer.

Kind hearts are the gardens, Kind thoughts are the roots, Kind deeds are the blossoms, Kind words are the fruits, —St. Ignatius.

The Late * * * Father Malone

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic.) Last week The Intermountain Catholic announced the death of the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone of Brooklyn, N. Y. This week space is given to a more detailed account of his illustrious career, and which will be read with interest by Catholics and non-Catholics in this intermountain country, for Father Malone assisted in making the history of his adopted country.

No American had a more deep-seated patriotism than Father Malone. When the news reached Brooklyn that Father Malone had been fired upon, his was the first Catholic church in the land to fly from its steeple the flag that had been fired upon by the enemies of the Union.

Early travelers that Sunday morning saw with astonishment the Star and Stripes flying from the very cross itself 150 feet from the pavement, and no sermon preached that day was more eloquent of patriotism and loyalty than the flashing folds of the stately banner which silently but effectively identified Father Malone and his church with the Union cause.

Throughout the four years of the war the flag continued to fly from its place on this church. On the 15th of April, 1865, the day of the assassination of President Lincoln, it was taken down, heavily draped with black and returned to its place on the steeple.

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

The Brooklyn Times of April 17, 1865, said: "That yesterday could have passed without proper notice by Father Malone of its solemnity in relation to the American people was of course, impossible. That he would fittingly denounce this heinous expression of rebellion, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, we knew. That the members of his congregation would be stimulated by him to a more profound appreciation of their duties as citizens in view of this most calamitous dispensation, we knew also. Our space will not permit of more than the merest synopsis of his two discourses yesterday."

We give but a few paragraphs from the reports that followed. At the 9 o'clock mass he concluded his remarks thus:

"I ask you to mark well the man who, calling himself a Catholic, shall dare to speak approvingly of this assassination, let him be branded as a traitor upon us all. I ask you to mark well the man who today has no voice for mourning. Pray that the life integrity of the President be preserved, pray that the constitution, authority of the nation may pass through this trying ordeal unharmed and that this rebellion may speedily be destroyed."

At the grand high mass Father Malone said: "It is not that Abraham Lincoln has been murdered; it is more—it is the President of the United States—the representative of a nation of freemen, the head and chosen of the people. We mourn today for the death of a man, but we mourn for the death of a nation."

There were but few resident Catholics in the village prior to 1840, and these few used to cross the East river by Morrell's old ferry from the foot of Grand street to Corlear's Hook and attend mass at St. Mary's Church New York, which was situated in Sheriff street, and afterwards in Grand near Rittenberg street, a small church which was the corner of North Eighth and First streets, Brooklyn, capable of seating 500 people. It was dedicated June 21, 1840, by the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, second Bishop of New York. On Sept. 22, 1844, Father Malone assumed charge as its first pastor. It was called St. Mary's, and its parish limits extended to Bleecker's Cove, Astoria, on the north; Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, on the south; the East river on the east, and the harbor of New York on the west. An idea of the work of a parish priest at this early day is given in an interview with Father Malone, published in the Christmas number of the Brooklyn Eagle of 1894.

"My earliest recollection in connection with Christmas day here is of my having been called to Newtown to attend the funeral of a dying Catholic. That was in the afternoon. There was a bad snowstorm and I had to walk there and back. When I returned to my church I had been alone, to take my place in the confessional and remain there till midnight, and the next morning to sing two masses, 6 o'clock and 9:30 o'clock, and preach to both congregations, and also say a low mass at 3 o'clock."

THE YOUNG PRIEST'S COURAGE.

The Volunteer Fire Department practically controlled the affairs of the town, and it was a common thing for members to insult the young priest whenever he happened to be passing by their engine house, but could neither frighten nor ridicule him out of the performance of his duties.

This mainly way of facing his enemies, together with the unobtrusive but energetic prosecution of his parish work, soon made an impression on his fellow citizens, and gained the respect and good will, in many instances, of his pronounced opponents.

When Father Malone assumed charge of St. Mary's it was so heavily in debt that building and land together could not have been sold for enough to cancel the indebtedness, but in two years he paid the entire amount and quietly set to work to raise funds and acquire property for the present church.

About this time he made the acquaintance of a young Irish architect named Patrick C. Keely, and was so impressed with his ability (although the young man had never built a church) that he was asked to act as plans and specifications. Father Ma-



THE LATE FATHER SYLVESTER MALONE.

to St. James' church, New York (afterwards Bishop of Little Rock, Ark., who died during the war of the rebellion), a staunch supporter of the Union cause, went to Ireland to seek proper candidates for the priesthood in connection with American missions. Father Malone, who was then in Philadelphia Sunday, May 12, 1839, and the following day proceeded to New York.

Following the advice of Bishop Hughes, young Malone at once entered St. Joseph's Seminary, which had been recently opened at La Fargeville, Jefferson county, New York. This year the seminary removed to the ruins of his parish, where it is today, and here Father Malone completed his studies after a four years' course.

FATHER MALONE ORDAINED.

Fifty-three years ago on the 15th of August, 1844, Father Malone was ordained a priest of the diocese of New York. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral and was performed by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop Dr. McCloskey (who subsequently became the first American Cardinal), and was the first time he officiated at the ceremony of ordination.

ward Bishop Hughes appointed Father Malone to the care of the little church and congregation in Williamsburg.

There were but few resident Catholics in the village prior to 1840, and these few used to cross the East river by Morrell's old ferry from the foot of Grand street to Corlear's Hook and attend mass at St. Mary's Church New York, which was situated in Sheriff street, and afterwards in Grand near Rittenberg street, a small church which was the corner of North Eighth and First streets, Brooklyn, capable of seating 500 people. It was dedicated June 21, 1840, by the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, second Bishop of New York. On Sept. 22, 1844, Father Malone assumed charge as its first pastor. It was called St. Mary's, and its parish limits extended to Bleecker's Cove, Astoria, on the north; Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, on the south; the East river on the east, and the harbor of New York on the west. An idea of the work of a parish priest at this early day is given in an interview with Father Malone, published in the Christmas number of the Brooklyn Eagle of 1894.

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lone's confidence was justified, for, though St. Peter and Paul was Keely's first church, he afterward planned and supervised the construction of over 60 churches, among the number being the cathedrals of Boston, Hartford, Montreal, Burlington, Buffalo and Portland, Me.

During the first decade of Father Malone's pastorate the few scattered attendants of the early days increased to a congregation of 5,000. He had paid for the building up Father Malone had a new one, founded a school giving instruction to 1,000 pupils, collected a valuable church library, established several flourishing societies, beside attending faithfully to the routine duties of his parish. He had earned a well-merited rest, hence Bishop Loughlin granted him permission to attend the proclamation of the dogma of the immaculate Conception by Pope Pius IX, in St. Peter's, Rome, Dec. 8, 1854, and sailed from New York in October of that year. After a pleasant visit abroad he resumed the work of his parish about Easter, 1855.

HIS STRONG ANTI-SLAVERY VIEWS.

From its inception Father Malone was politically identified with the Republican party. This was the natural outcome of his strong anti-slavery views, and grew out of his sympathy with the first and noblest of the causes whose constant agitation for the freedom of the black man led up to the stupendous events which followed.

From boyhood up Father Malone has believed and taught that the true spirit of the Catholic Church is in full harmony with the spirit of American institutions; hence he never swerved from the course he marked out. He held that in order to maintain the approval of his own conscience in the sight of God and to conserve the interests of his Church and people in the community he was called to labor in it was necessary to identify both strongly and fearlessly with all that tended to build up true manliness and honor, whether in the individual or the state.

Therefore, instead of listening to the yesternmost suggestions of time for friends, he became more pronounced in his teachings, and vehemently attacked the ill-concealed tendency toward secularism and materialism which manifested itself immediately prior to the election of Abraham Lincoln.

Father Malone was a regent of the State University of New York at the time of his death.

FATHER MALONE'S ESTATE.

Rumor Says Relatives Will Make a Contest in Court.

(From the New York Herald, Jan. 5.) There will be a continuation of the scandals that surrounded the closing days of Father Malone's life when his relatives take the settlement of his estate into the surrogate court. The Church authorities, according to a statement made to me last night by Father John L. Belford, now pastor of St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, in Williamsburg, are prepared to contest every point that is of any interest to them. For this purpose they have secured legal representatives. In case the relatives offer any other will for probate than the one made by the dead priest on Nov. 6, or claim that Father Malone died intestate, a legal battle will follow.

"We know that Father Malone made a will on Nov. 6," Father Belford told me, in the parish house at No. 69 South Third street, last night, "and under that will the church has certain claims. This will is the one witnessed by Father Martin Carroll and Monsignor Duffy."

This will that Father Belford referred

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